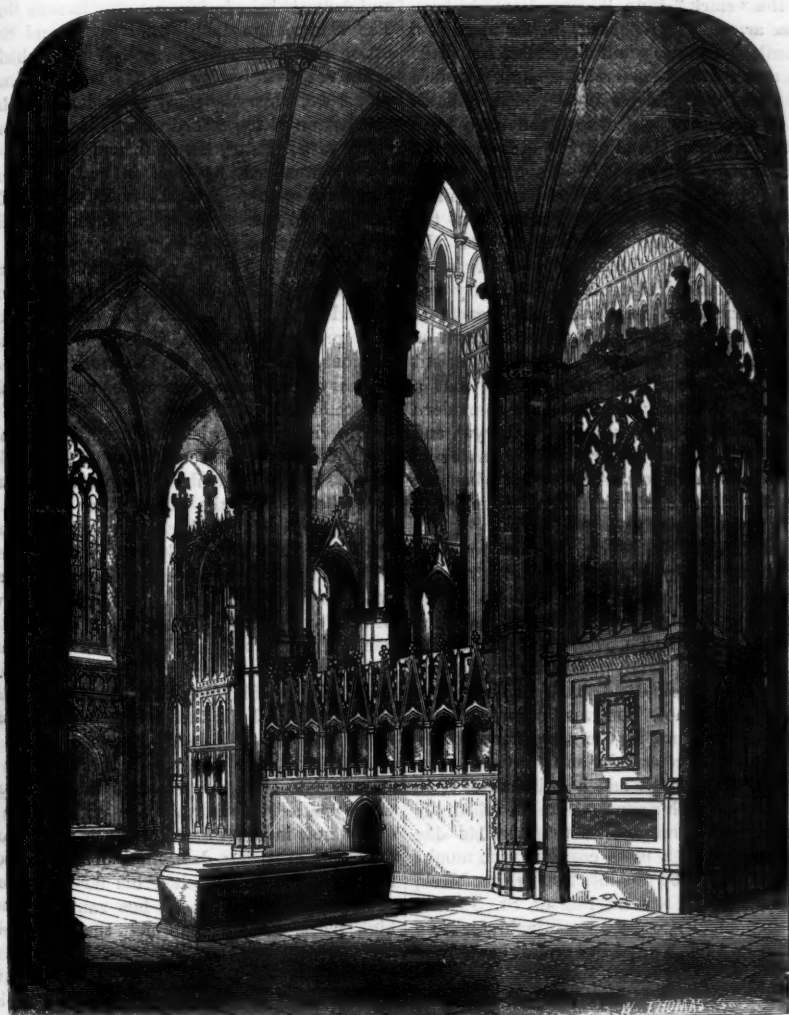


THE BIVVER

— Saturday, August 22, 1868. —



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL AND WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

DOES modern Winchester remind visitors of Itchen? She wore a rich traditionary garland: the days when the city was the queen of the south and the capital of Alfred's kingdom, sitting like a crowned lady on the fair banks of the (Belgæ) had increased her power; the conquering

Romans recognised her as the "Venta Belgarum;" the Saxons acknowledged her claims, and made her the capital of Wessex; Egbert, Alfred, and Canute had dwelt within the walls; five kings received the crown of England in the cathedral; and for many ages "the White City" seemed likely to become the capital of Britain. Its castle, built by the "stark" king, William I., might have defied an army; royal palaces, noble mansions, magnificent monasteries, and sixty churches made her an architectural marvel. Prince Arthur's "round table" was lodged in the city, and all curious or credulous citizens might have read thereon the names of the mighty knights who upheld the banner of the great Pendragon.* Great, indeed, has been the change; Winchester has lost her crown, and imperial London marvels at the former ambition of her ancient rival. But the White City still bears the symbols of her early honours. The cathedral retains the beauty and grandeur which have impressed the hearts of many generations; "the college" is a name of power with "Wykehamists," and the ancient hospital of St. Cross still reminds us that a princely spirit of charity is not peculiar to modern times. William of Wykeham, bishop, lawyer, and statesman, the patron of art and promoter of learning, sleeps in his own rich chantry, beneath the magnificent cathedral which owes so much of its splendour to his genius.

Surely such a city can have no low or grotesque traditions connected with her histories? We are sorry to remind the reader that even the White City was supposed to have, at times, one black visitor, at the least. Through her streets and around her cathedral Satan was believed to prowl, in the form of a black dog! The good people of Winchester must not, however, regard this as an unparalleled stigma, for the same fiend, in the like form, was also repeatedly seen in Colchester. We fear that black dogs had a sad time of it in both cities, while such a superstition prevailed. Is it not somewhat strange that this terrible dog should have selected a place crowded with monks and friars? Can it be possible that white, black, and grey friars, to say nothing of St. Swithin himself, were unable to preserve Winchester from such visitations? Something must have been wrong, we fear.

If the Wintonians are ever tempted to regret the departed honours of their ancient city, the cathedral may well console them. The richness of the west front, the combination of massive strength, delicate beauty, and magnificent grandeur, and the east window glowing with rainbow splendours, or subdued to a "dim religious light," may well produce a feeling akin to admiring awe. When

was this grand pile erected? A rude timber church *may* have been raised here by the early British Christians, in the second century; this was destroyed by the pagan Saxons, but rebuilt by the converted Prince Kyngil in the seventh century. Three hundred years later, Ethelwald, Bishop of Winchester, completed a third structure, and dedicated the building to the famous Swithin. The Danes, honouring Odin much and Swithin little, partially ruined the church, which was again restored by Bishop Walkeylyn, about the year 1093, when the rainy saint lost his place as sole patron of the cathedral, which was then dedicated to St. Peter, St. Paul, and Swithin. This change was just, as Swithin had neglected (or was unable) to protect the building from Danish ravages. A succession of alterations, additions, and restorations were brought to a grand finish in the fourteenth century, when Bishop Edyngton, and the more famous William of Wykeham, expended time, money, and skill on the cathedral. The present pile may, indeed, with some exceptions, be regarded as the work of the extraordinary man who was alike courtier, bishop, chancellor, and statesman.

The visitor who wishes to examine the interior of the cathedral, will require days, if not weeks, for such a study. Do tombs and sepulchral memorials bring before him the life of other times? Then let him stand near those six chests, containing the bones or dust of Egbert, Canute, Emma of Normandy, of the red king, William Rufus, and of other once mighty men of old. Bishop Fox, whose pelican symbol may be seen near, collected these bones from their decayed and ruined tombs, and the observer may easily, like another Hervey, make his "meditations" on these receptacles of royal dust. Why is that recess beneath the arch called the "Holy Hole?" Because of the relics of "saints" once preserved there, which were supposed to shed a mysterious sanctity over the whole cathedral. In vain the enthusiastic antiquary now inquires for Canute's crown; the very circlet worn on the day when, in presence of the uncivil waves, he preached his far-famed sermon to flattering courtiers. It has vanished from its high place, and we shall not, therefore, ask impertinent questions about its fashion or ornaments. The niches, empty or occupied, would tax the learning and patience of an antiquarian hagiologist,* so numerous are these small stone lodgings of worthies now almost forgotten.

The once rich shrine of St. Swithin no longer attracts monks to the early mass; but this friend of King Egbert is yet known by name to thousands who might be puzzled to name his burial-place. The famous saint of Winchester has somewhat fallen from his high estate. How many English-

* Signifying "Dragon's head," a title of the chief British prince.

* A writer of the lives of saints.

men can now repeat the list of his miracles? How is this? Did not his very bones once work marvels? Did not the saint, long after his decease, heal the blind, make cripples move as merrily as grasshoppers, liberate prisoners from dungeons, send hungry wolves to sleep by the mere whisper of his name, and perform other feats so marvellous that we hold our breath in astonishment? When will such days come again? Is it really true that, when officious men annoyed the good Swithin by attempting to move his bones from the north side of the churchyard into the cathedral, on the 15th of July, in the year 971, the indignant saint caused torrents of rain to pour down on the disturbers of his grave? Or shall we believe the other story, that Swithin himself reappeared in ghostly form, and insisted upon the speedy removal of his body, showing his approbation of the good work, when it had been duly performed, by healing such multitudes of cripples, that the church-walls did not afford space enough to hang the crutches thereon? Which is the true account? We really cannot help any of our readers in the matter; but for ourselves, we should like to hold both histories equally established.

Perhaps some lover of the rod and line may look with more interest on the grave of Izaak Walton, than upon the receptacles of Saxon bones, or the tomb of William Rufus. A Fleet Street draper, even if he should write "A Complete Angler," is not likely, in our times, to be honoured with a grave in a magnificent cathedral. No one however, will now quarrel with the respect paid to the memory of the angler, who would fix a worm on the hook "as if he loved him."

The great name associated with Winchester and its cathedral is that of William of Wykeham, and a short outline of his remarkable life must now be given. Our readers will bear in mind the fourfold character of this famous man, as architect, ecclesiastic, lawyer, and politician, whilst we pass rapidly from one event to another. He was probably born at Wykeham, in Hampshire, in 1324, and his name is generally thought to have been derived from his birth-place. As everything, however, must be disputed, there are antiquarians who affirm that the surname was borne by the father, while others are equally certain that this gentleman's name was John Longe; perhaps the most easy conclusion is that all are right. Mr. Longe may sometimes have been described by his place of residence, and his famous son may have preferred such a designation. Should the matter be ever hotly debated in any literary magazine in the year 2000, we hope that we shall be quoted as an example of perfect impartiality on so grave a subject. Young William seems to have early become the pet of Nicholas Uvedale, the lord, or "squire,"

of Wykeham, and governor of Winchester Castle. The youth became secretary to the soldier, and was thus introduced to the notice of Bishop Edyngton, by whom the clever young Wykehamite was made known to Edward III. The king had a sharp eye for ability, and soon discovered "all the talents" in the secretary of Governor Uvedale. William was at this period about twenty-two years of age, and in the course of the ensuing ten years the watchful warrior-king detected the architectural abilities, political insight, and love of learning, so largely possessed by the son of John and Sybil Wykeham. William received, in 1356, the appointment of superintendent over the royal works, and in October of the same year he became the directing architect of Windsor Castle. His "retaining fee" was one shilling a-day, and when on surveying journeys, two shillings. The pay was not, however, quite so beggarly as it sounds; some readers may remember that two shillings a-day was the sum formerly allowed to members of Parliament for English boroughs, and that certain towns so groaned under the heavy tax as to petition for exemption from the expensive honours of the franchise. Our architect's labours were not limited to "art pure and simple;" he was commissioned to "impress" masons, and other necessary workmen, at certain fixed wages. Imagine Sir Charles Barry, when superintending the erection of the Houses of Parliament, going about the country with warrants for the impressment of all obstinate masons and carpenters!

The royal architect had received the "lower" ecclesiastical orders before entering on his great work at Windsor, and soon managed to obtain from the king so many benefices and clerical offices that we must class him with the greatest of pluralists. He was a country rector, a prebendary, dean of the royal chapel at St. Martin's-le-Grand, a royal secretary, keeper of the privy seal, chief warden of many royal castles, and eventually Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor of England in 1367. Perhaps the architect at one shilling a-day regarded these offices as a fair means of professional reimbursement. But Wykeham's course was not all smooth; he had supported the political views of the Black Prince, and was therefore attacked by the active supporters of the Duke of Lancaster, the famous John of Gaunt. There seems to have been no love lost between the two royal brothers, and their adherents were just as vehement as political parties ever have been, always are, and, we suppose, evermore will be. When the prince's friends were "in," Wykeham was safe; when these became the "outs," and the Gaunt party seemed resolved to expel all clericals from places of power, Wykeham yielded to the rising storm by

resigning the chancellorship. For six years the bishop was then left in comparative peace, until the death of the Black Prince, in 1376, when the storm again broke upon his head, in the awful form of an impeachment for illegal conduct while performing his multiplied public duties. Little was proved, but political foes are not very careful about proofs, and the result was, that William of Wykeham was deprived of all his episcopal revenues, and forbidden to come within twenty miles of the king. Things now looked very black indeed, and the bishop, perhaps, thought his sun had set. But after the death of Edward III. daylight came again, foes shook hands, "much regretted" past quarrels, and Wykeham soon regained most of his former honours and revenues. The king died June 21st, and the bishop's pardon is dated the 31st of the same month. The dates show how the power of his enemies fell at the death of Edward. The bishop did not, however, get a pardon for nothing, some profit was extracted from him. He bound himself to equip three ships of war, and to provide 300 trained soldiers at his own cost. The bishop probably grumbled a little, but he could not write to the newspapers; and matters settled down at last after the rough fashion common in the "good old times."

But was this famous man solely occupied for many years in political and party squabbles? Certainly not; amidst all this state warfare he was engaged in a threefold series of labours, as architect, educator, and reformer. The works at Windsor were steadily carried on till their completion, about 1374; his *twelve* episcopal castles underwent extensive repairs, for which he purchased stone from the once noted quarries near Quar Abbey, in the Isle of Wight. He seems to have had a species of enthusiasm for road-making, bridge-building, and church-restoring. Even the providing communion plate for poor parishes, and rich "vestments" for poorer vicars, cost him large sums. He is said to have given 113 "chalices," and 100 "pairs of vestments" to various churches. The changes made in Windsor Castle under Henry VII., Elizabeth, Charles II., William III., and George IV., have made almost a new structure of the old Norman fortress; but some ancient and time-worn towers will long remind imperial, kingly, and less exalted visitors, of William of Wykeham. Perhaps some will regard Winchester Cathedral as more likely to preserve the memory of this architectural genius; but the skill of others prevents him from receiving exclusive honours as a cathedral restorer, in which work he was aided by the taste of Bishop Edyngton and the skill of the architect William Winford.

We have called William of Wykeham an educator. This was shown by the zeal with which he urged on the completion of the grammar-school at

Winchester and his New College at Oxford. The plans for these noble foundations were formed in the midst of the bishop's political troubles, and he lived to see both in full operation. The school was opened in 1373, and the college on the 14th of April, 1386, when the warden and "poor scholars" walked in procession from their temporary halls, and entered "the College of St. Mary of Winchester, in Oxford," chanting the Litany. Whenever the Wykehamites have sung the *Dulce Domum* ("sweetly sing of home") around "the Domum tree," or have meditated on the plain advice written on the schoolroom wall, "Learn, go, or be whipped," or have gazed with sensitive recollections on the school-rod, formed of "four apple-twigs," in each case they have doubtless ever paid high honours to the name of their great founder. The bishop's jewelled crozier, his gloves and episcopal ring, preserved in New College, are far less impressive memorials of their former owner, than the noble foundations originated by his grand liberality.

But, while Windsor, Winchester, and Oxford speak of the architect and the educator, it must not be forgotten that this energetic man was also a reformer of abuses. The princely* Hospital of St. Cross, Winchester, worried this bishop in his day, as it has perplexed the Court of Chancery in our own time. The master of St. Cross had no objection to continue the due number of prayers for the founder's soul, but he grieved much over the jugs of ale and the hundred dinners a-day to a set of shoeless beggars. To appropriate the good things of the charity to his own use and comfort, seemed a natural, if not a highly laudable, proceeding. William of Wykeham took a different view of the matter, requested a sight of the account-books, and even hinted that "the poor of Christ" were being defrauded. This was more than the master of St. Cross could bear; he stood upon his dignity: "it was not the custom" to show the account-books, and he really must, with great respect, decline to furnish accounts. Now there were no Charity Commissioners in those times, so William of Wykeham became his own commissioner, and instituted a suit on behalf of the poor. The master fought like a Trojan for the spoil, battled the case in every court, and finally appealed to the Pope. The bishop at last conquered, and the poor, the halt, and the blind received again their rightful portions.

William of Wykeham combined in a remarkable degree the active and the contemplative habits. Twenty years before his death he began to make special preparations for the event. He selected his burial-place in the cathedral, appointed "chantry priests" to offer up prayers for his

* In 1854 the income of this charity amounted to £16,000 yearly.

soul, endowed a *night* service, at which "three charity boys" were to chant litanies in his behalf, and for the souls of his father and mother. His will bears date the 4th of July, 1403; all the details of his funeral were described, and the alms to be given to the poor were specified, in August, 1404, and on the 27th of the following September, at eight in the morning, the greatest of Winchester's bishops died at White Waltham. The body was brought by various stages to Winchester, alms were given in the name of the departed to the poor of every place through which the bier passed, and fourpence was bestowed as

a final dole to each poor person present at the funeral.

The prayers for the dead are no longer chanted for William of Wykeham, or for his parents, in yon triple-arched chantry, where his body rests; but his memory needs not the orisons of monks: Oxford and Winchester are his memorials, and Windsor's "proud keep" still suggests the name of its architect. He was not the head of any great intellectual or moral revolution, but he holds, nevertheless, a high place among the able and energetic men who quicken the life of nations and elevate the character of a people. W. D.

LIFE A RACE

THE comparison of our life to a race is made repeatedly by the Apostle Paul; and nowhere with greater force and point than in the opening of the famous twelfth chapter of his Epistle to the Hebrews, where he exhorts Christians, by the example of the heroes of the Old Testament, to emulate the faithful of bygone days, and run with patience the race that is set before them. In the opening of the celebrated eleventh chapter, the apostle had given a formal definition of what faith is, describing it as the "substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;" and then, as if he felt the utter inadequacy of any formula of words to convey an idea of the real nature and power of the marvellous principle of faith, he recalls the triumphs it has won in the persons of Old Testament worthies, as the best mode of explaining its operation, and enabling others to appreciate its power: and the conclusion he draws is, an encouragement to the Christian to run with patience the race that is set before him.

The allusion to the crowd of witnesses that surrounds the Christian, as through the dust and heat he presses onward to the goal, was no doubt suggested by the feature in the Grecian games which lent additional honour to the athletic contest. The struggle for the victor's crown took place in the sight of assembled Greece; and not the least incitement to the competitors was the presence of the heroes who, in past times, had won the same honour, and now sat beholding others contending for the coveted prize.

And so with the Christian. He may be running his race in some humble way, where he thinks no eye beholds him, and there are none to sympathise with his struggles; yet all the while he is really encompassed with a cloud of witnesses, who, though passed away themselves from the arena of contest, still look with sympathy on those who

now follow the course they once trod themselves in sorrow, and toil, and tears. Now there are three lessons this remark of St. Paul may teach us:—

I. Life is a race to be run. II. We are each to run the course set before us. III. We are to run it with patience, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.

I. Life is a race.

A great many people seem practically to regard life as a period of existence to be got through somehow or other—as if humanity were a number of stray created atoms, with power of reproduction, flung upon this globe by chance; and that, finding ourselves here, we must make the best of it, and pass life as agreeably as possible, taking care, however, in some way to put ourselves right for a future existence.

Now this is altogether an erroneous view of human life. Every man and woman has been put here for some great purpose; every one has been given a work to do, a race to run, a battle to fight, and a victory to be won. And that man alone is living truly, and as God would have him live, who is actively engaged in fulfilling the purpose for which God has placed him here. There is no exception. Every human being that has been born on earth has had some race before him to run—some work that he is intended to accomplish. God has given us all our life-work, and it is ours to do that life-work bravely.

II. We must run the race that is set before us: not the race we may fancy would be pleasantest, or easiest, or most attractive, but the race that God has set before us. There are a great many idle, purposeless, workless Christians, who excuse their idleness by groaning over the position in life or society in which they have been placed. They have no opportunities—what is there that they can do? If only they had more money, or higher position, or wider influence, how much they would

do! what busy, active, earnest people they would be! Such people want to learn that it is the race set before them they are to run. We might choose some pleasanter race, if it were left to ourselves; but in the end not half so good. Does not the commander on the neighbouring eminence know better how the regiment should be disposed, and where each man can best contribute to the success of the army, than the individual soldier in the midst of the smoke, and toil, and roar of battle? And so it is with us. We individually are bad judges of when it is best for us to fight, and in what course it is best for us to contend. We can each see only a very small portion of the great battle-field, and, surrounded with its din and turmoil, can only faintly guess at the great Captain's purpose. May we not trust Him? Does not He know best? Has He not promised that *all* things are working together for good? *All things together*—not each individual, but the whole great aggregate; not each isolated waif for his own good, but *all together*. We must not look too closely at isolated individual efforts and their immediate results, but to that which God is accomplishing in the Church and the world by the united efforts of all who are striving in the cause of truth, and goodness, and Christ: and that united effort of Christendom will only be successful by each one doing his own work—running the race that is set before him. If only the mist could be removed, and our vision enlarged and purified, we would every one of us see even now that each one has the race to run best fitted for his own moral improvement, best calculated to make him contribute most effectively to the success of the Master's cause. All of us shall see it to be true when the toil is over, and the victory won, and the dust of battle that clouded us and dimmed our sight clears away; for *now* we see as through a glass darkly, but *then* face to face.

III. The race must be run by each one of us with patience. Never in the world's history was there a greater need of bearing this characteristic of the Christian race of life in mind than there is now. The whole frame of society seems to be throbbing with a mad passion for success. Ordinary prudence, and ordinary reasonable progress, are considered eminently unsatisfactory. Men must make large fortunes in the smallest possible space of time. We seldom hear them putting the simple question, Is such a course right? and then abiding by the conscientious answer to that question, in their adoption or rejection of the course of conduct under consideration. And this chiefly results from the mad desire of immediate results—the absence of patience in running the race of life. The facts of Nature and the history of the world alike tell us that God gives the grandest results to protracted and patient, and not to spasmodic,

work. The growth of a month may be prostrated by the storm that howls in baffled fury through the oak, whose life and power has been developing for years. The popularity won in a day has proved as brief as its acquirement was sudden; while the fame of those who have toiled through thankless years has been immortal. The world's patient workers have been the world's real regenerators. Paul might have accepted the sacrifices proffered to him by a Grecian mob, had he longed for immediate honour; but he loved truth better; was content to run his race with patience; and he has a nobler earthly reward in being enshrined in the big heart of Christendom. Luther might have had high place and honour among kings and emperors and popes, if only he would have given up that mad heresy of his, and let the Church sleep on her sleep of superstition and spiritual death. But it was the right and not the merely expedient course that he resolved to follow; and running with patience the race set before him, he eventually won the crown. It is true all the world over, and this truth—as every other truth concerning humanity—reaches its highest point and displays its greatest power in the life of the Perfect Man. The most patient life that was ever lived on earth, and the most patiently endured sufferings that were ever borne, were the life and death that redeemed the world. It is a grand achievement for any man to learn this—to make up his mind to run the race set before him with patience, and he can only learn it by following Paul's advice, and running the race, "looking unto Jesus." How many noble lives have been wasted in looking at the others contending in the race, criticising their movements, and speculating on the probabilities of their ultimate success! How many precious lifetimes have been squandered in watching our own running, and thinking of the satisfaction with which spectators must regard the grace of our movements in the race! It is fixing the eye on such things as these that spoils many a life-race. Let our eye be fixed on the Master; he trod the same race before—not a roughness on the way but he has toiled over, not a thorn in the path but has pierced his blessed feet; and as we gaze on him waiting to receive us when the race is done, he gives us a returning glance of sympathy to cheer us in our course. It may be very trying indeed to hear the shouts of applause which greet the sudden and unexpected success of some one whom the world delights to honour, and who had no scruples in running any course that most quickly led to the reward; it may be a hard thing, while others are rushing hotly on and grasping golden honours in life, for us to run our race with patience—but will not the Master's "Well done, good and faithful servant," make amends for all?

RELIGION IN THE RANKS.

BY AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.



CHRISTIANITY is not without its witnesses in the ranks of the British army as elsewhere. God never leaves himself without a witness on earth.

The good seed sometimes takes root, and brings forth fruit, even in the most unfavourable soil. It is so in the army, where very many things tend to lead the mind away from God, and to check the growth of true religion in the soul. More is being done at the present day for the religious instruction of our soldiers than has ever been done before; nor is the improvement of their social condition overlooked. The number of chaplains has been greatly increased; there is an active body of Scripture-readers, who may be daily met in our barrack-rooms and hospitals; tracts are freely distributed to all who are willing to accept them; soldiers' institutes have sprung up in almost every garrison town; the soldier's pay has been largely increased; he is better fed, better clad, and better attended to in every way than he ever was before. The influences thus brought to bear upon our army have not been without their effect: there is less immorality, less irreligion, among our soldiers than before; their social position is improved; the mortality amongst them is diminished. All this may be freely conceded, and yet it cannot be denied that only a very small proportion of our soldiers make a consistent profession of religion, or have become members of any Christian church.

The causes of this indifference to religion are patent enough to all who are conversant with the habits of our soldiers. There is a kind of traditional belief among them that a soldier cannot be a Christian; and, of course, when the soldier believes that he cannot be a Christian, he will never try to be a Christian. This belief is imprinted on the mind of the young recruit as soon as he joins by the veteran, whose own life tends to prove that the belief is well founded. The recruit is only too willing to accept a belief which seems to justify every excess in which he may choose to indulge. He thus becomes, in turn, the contaminator of others—the medium through which this evil belief is continued and transmitted in the ranks. Everything opposed to this belief he hates and denounces. A professor of religion in the ranks he believes to be a hypocrite, whom he is bound to denounce and expose; in doing so, he may count on the approval and sympathy of the majority who hold the same views. A soldier who professes to be religious must, therefore, have the firmness of a rock in withstanding the

fierce attacks of the traditional impiety to which he is daily exposed.

The married soldier is, in a great measure, exempt from these attacks. He has a home of his own, where he may live as he chooses: if he worships God, he may do so, none daring to make him afraid. He is not exposed to the ribald jests or the coarse ridicule of his godless companions: his home may consist of only one room, but it is still his home, where he may set up his family altar and worship God after his own fashion. The best men in the army are to be found among our married soldiers; but, unfortunately, the number of married soldiers bears only a small proportion to the whole strength of the British army: it does not exceed one-tenth; and there are obvious reasons why it should not be increased. In some of the Continental armies, where the period of service is much shorter, marriage is altogether prohibited—in our own army it is rather tolerated than encouraged. One fact in favour of the married men deserves to be known: they are rarely to be found in hospital, and scarcely ever from illness incurred through their own misconduct. They are the backbone, as it were, of the Church in the army.

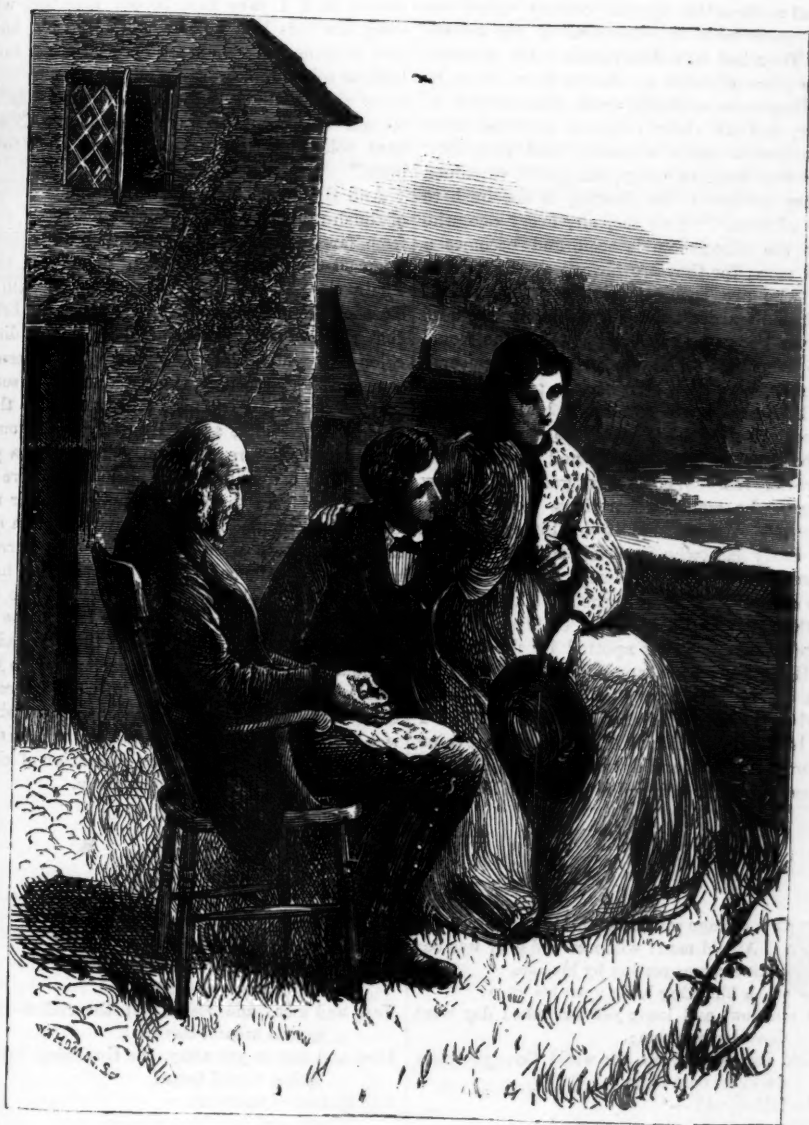
If people knew the whole life of a single soldier, where and how he lives from day to day, they would be surprised, not that there is so little, but that there is so much religion in the army. As regards material comfort, the barrack-room leaves but little to be desired—it is spacious, well-ventilated, and clean; but it is far from favourable to religious or intellectual culture. The picture which Cobbett gave of life in a barrack-room was derived from his own experience, and is in no respect overdrawn or exaggerated. It is difficult for a soldier to read, to pray, or to meditate in the midst of ten, twelve, or fourteen men, from eighteen to forty years of age, who, as a general rule, have little taste for study, prayer, or meditation. One bad man in a barrack-room may make every one around him uncomfortable by profane swearing, by ribald songs, and other means of annoyance. There is absolutely no escape from him, for the barrack-room is the soldier's only home—his bedroom, his sitting-room, his dining-room, his retiring-room, his study, his oratory. If unhappy or uncomfortable there, he is tempted to worse haunts than even the barrack-room. If he is of a studious or religious disposition, how can he be happy or comfortable when surrounded by a dozen men, most of whom are engaged in gambling, swearing, larking, boxing, dancing, or

playing at single-stick? And yet it is a remarkable fact, that in almost every barrack-room is to be found one man, if not more, who is moral, religious, thoughtful, and studious—the recklessness, the folly, the irreligion of his comrades seem to have the same effect upon him as the drunkenness of the Spartan slaves upon the Spartan children. We knew a private in the Scots Fusilier Guards who mastered Arabic amid the noise and confusion of a barrack-room, and mastered it so thoroughly that he was able to act as interpreter to some Turkish sailors who had to appear at the Westminster Police-office. He then, under our guidance, devoted his leisure hours to the study of French, and soon learned to read it with ease, and to speak it with some degree of fluency. All this was done amid the noise and tumult of the barrack-room. But few soldiers possess the same degree of perseverance, or, we may add, the same amount of natural talent. We knew another soldier, a private in the Artillery, who studied Hebrew and Greek for the purpose of reading the Old and New Testament in the original, and succeeded in his object, though he never attained to a minute or critical knowledge of either language. He gave a guinea every year to the funds of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and instead of spending his money in dissipation, like many of his comrades, he expended it in the purchase of books. It must be admitted, however, that these are exceptional cases; there are few soldiers who spend their leisure hours in studying Arabic, French, Hebrew, or Greek, or who subscribe to our religious societies. Nor would it be fair to infer that what was done by one might be done by all. No one will affirm that every shepherd-boy might construct an orrery, because James Ferguson did so while tending his sheep. Such facts prove merely that natural genius and indomitable perseverance enable men to rise superior to the most unfavourable circumstances. If we could only persuade our soldiers to read their Bibles in English, we should be content, though they remained ignorant of Hebrew and Greek.

A truly Christian man will be respected in the ranks as elsewhere; but he will have a severe ordeal to pass through in the first instance. He will not be accepted as a Christian till he has proved himself to be so; the proof is in most cases very trying to his patience and powers of endurance. He is treated at first as a canting hypocrite, who presumes to give himself airs, and think himself better than his fellows. He is the object of many rude practical jokes, of cutting sarcasms, of jeering mockery. If he ventures to kneel down to pray at night, he may deem himself fortunate if he is not assailed by a shower of heavy boots, or disturbed by the singing of ribald

songs. If he loses his temper, he loses his character as a Christian; if he submits tamely to such insults, he is treated as a milksop, whom any one may insult with impunity. The ordeal he must pass through is necessarily a severe one; but if he remains faithful to the end, unscathed by the fire of persecution, he attains a position of influence among his thoughtless companions, and often sways them for good. A man of this stamp becomes most useful as a medium of communication between the chaplain and his charge; he knows the character of the men; he induces some of them to join the Bible class; he points out those who are not altogether lost, and who may be won over to good by a kind word or a kind act. One thing you may safely count on, whether he be an officer or a private, he is not a half-and-half Christian: he is thorough in all that he does and undertakes. There is no neutral ground he can occupy; he has taken his side, and he must stand by it. He must stand with his sword unsheathed—the enemy may be upon him at any hour.

It is a great matter to provide some quiet place where Christian soldiers may escape from the noise of the barrack-room, and meet together for the study of God's Word and for prayer. There has long been a felt want for such places of refuge; and of late years there has been a movement to meet this want. The commanding-officers of regiments are always willing to give the use of the schoolrooms in the evening to such soldiers as choose to meet for religious instruction under the guidance of the chaplains; but few seem disposed to profit by this privilege. The cause of this apparent neglect may be learned from the following incident, which occurred during a recent war, when the writer accompanied the forces to the field. There was one particular station he could visit only once a week, as our army was broken up in detachments and scattered over a large tract of country. A number of Christian soldiers, in one of the regiments at this station, expressed a wish to meet together for prayer during the week, and they were offered the use of the schoolroom. The writer was disappointed to find that they had not availed themselves of this offer, and inquired why they had not done so. They assured him that they met regularly for prayer, and invited him to attend one of their meetings. He readily consented, and he was conducted to a solitary spot about two miles from the camp. An intricate path led through the bush to a clearing, about twelve yards square, seated round with wattles; the bush rose so high on every side that a stranger, unacquainted with the secret, could never have suspected the existence of such a place. There were more than twenty men seated on the wattles with open Bibles in their hands: some of them had never been seen at our



"Son and daughter, must I go
Far from ye, with nought around me
Save the starry dead?"—p. 778.

prayer-meetings before. It must have been a work of considerable labour to clear away the bush and to form this open-air oratory, which was not so comfortable or convenient as the schoolroom. They had to walk a considerable distance, and the place afforded no shelter from storm or rain. They were evidently much pleased with it, however, and all their religious exercises were conducted with much solemnity and propriety. On our way back to camp, our guide explained why they preferred the clearing in the bush to the schoolroom. "You see, sir, every one who goes to the schoolroom is seen, and becomes a marked man; for they are always on the lookout to see who are turning *saints*, as they call it. We old soldiers don't mind it a bit; we are used to it, you know; but the young lads who would like to come, don't like the idea of being jeered and laughed at. *That* kept back a good many of them, I know; so we old hands laid our heads together, and thought it would be a good job to have the clearing in the bush: and a good job it has proved too. We have a good many new members, who would never have gone to the schoolroom. We manage it in this way. If I see a likely lad, who is at all serious or well-disposed, I say to him, 'Harry, won't you come out for a stroll this fine afternoon; I know a nice walk through the bush; don't be afraid, there's no danger of our being spotted by the enemy.' Well, Harry says he is not a bit afraid, and out we go. I am always on the watch, you know, and, when the right moment comes, I tell him I think him a likely lad, as I have had an eye on him for some time, and I would like to take him with me to our meeting; if he don't like it he

need not come back again, only he must keep our secret and we will keep his. Harry promises, of course, and I take him to our meeting, where every one bids him welcome. He likes it, and is sure to come back again; no one has ever turned back or told our secret. Well, Harry may hap to know another likely lad, and he brings him too; so our number is always increasing. Now, I have told you the reason why we took to the bush."

And thus we parted with this amiable company of bush-rangers, who had taken to the woods from far different motives from those which influenced the outlaws of ancient or modern times. Their open-air meetings were kept up till the close of the war, and we have reason to believe that they are not discontinued in the far-distant colony to which their promoters have been removed. The truth is, that soldiers of a serious turn of mind are so sick of barrack-life that a change of locality, apart from other reasons, is a positive pleasure to them. They like a place where they can enjoy a little seclusion, where they can escape from the din and noise of their more boisterous companions. We have known a chaplain attempt to open a Bible-class in barracks, when the attendance has been so small that he has at length been obliged to give it up. The same chaplain, on opening a class for the same men at his own private house, found that he had not a room sufficiently large to accommodate those who wished to attend. The only difference was the locality; but the locality, as we have shown, is a very important consideration, which ought never to be overlooked in the formation of classes for religious instruction in the army.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

BY a cottage sat one eventide
An old man: withered and grey was he;
His son was resting by his side,
A blooming bride upon his knee;
Bright and low, and lower yet the orb'd day went
down before them;
Deep and deeper yet away, the world through starry
darkness bore them.

And the father said:—

"Thus the life-light quits my soul,
Wears the radiant chain that bound me;
Toward the spectral deeps I roll;
Woe is me, ah! bitter woe,
Son and daughter, must I go
Far from ye, with nought around me
Save the starry dead?"

Upon a supreme summit bright,
Above a paradisaal star,
Three spirits dazzled in the light
Of universes gazed afar.
Vast and rich, and richer yet the radiant spaces
spread around them;
Deep and deeper yet away, the throbbing depths of
Being wound them!
And exclaimed the three:—
"Death and fear for evermore
Have vanished from our spirits' vision,
Space is ours from shore to shore;
From sun to sun existence turns
In endless gloried godlike dreams,
In realms of bliss and thought elysian—
Our soul's home is—infinity."

T. C. IRWIN.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

FRANCIS HEATHERLY GETS TIRED OF NEWBURY.



LL is not gold that glitters," is an ancient saying of undoubted veracity; and in no case was its veracity more proved than in the case of Francis Heatherly.

He was a man to whom Fortune had only recently been kind. He had worked on in obscurity—chained, as he boasted, to his desk from Monday morning till Saturday night. He had been brisk and busy, all his life, till just lately. He would have been brisk and busy now, perhaps, if it had not been for one thing, which, like the fly in the ointment, spoiled his prosperity. This it was which changed the whole current and purpose of his life. I mean his love for Josephine.

He had always underrated women as a class. He had sneered at the blind god and his artillery; and now the blind god had his revenge. He had smitten Francis Heatherly with one of the keenest of his shafts.

Most of his time was spent in walking up and down the street where Miss Graham lodged, and in voluminous confidences made to his note-book. He filled a dozen note-books in no time. He even became poetical. Sometimes Josephine was a rose, sometimes a star, sometimes a seraphic being, who was raised far above this mortal economy. In fact, there was no end to his rhapsodies.

The worst of it was, he had not the least bit of encouragement. Once he wrote her a long letter, using every persuasion and argument in his power. A wonderful letter, he thought it, written in a clear business-hand, and expressed with the utmost perspicuity. But it had no effect whatever. Josephine might have inhabited a different sphere, as far as mutual sympathy went.

He sometimes tried to forget her. He felt angry at her obduracy. Were there not other girls quite as pretty? And, after all, who was Josephine, that he should be so frustrated? A lonely woman, living in humble lodgings, and earning her bread! He would go into society, and lose all remembrance of her.

But this plan did not answer, any more than the other. It is true, the Newbury girls were pretty; but the word *pretty* did not in the least express the style of Josephine's beauty, any more than it did that of the Madonna of Raphael.

Sometimes he thought he would amuse himself by building a grand mansion in the country. But what was the use of that? He hated the country. He had no aptitude for country habits or pursuits. He would be bored to death without Josephine. Ah! that made all the difference. With Josephine, town and country would be equally delightful!

As it was, he began to be very much bored. He had nothing in the world to do. He was not a

studious man; indeed, he never opened a book from choice. And he did not ride, or sport, or care for the amusements which are so necessary to men of leisure.

When the Josephine episode was wearing to a close—as it naturally would do in time—the fact stared him in the face, that he was in danger of being very dull. How would it be if he went abroad?

The idea was not displeasing to him. He had never been out of England, and it would be a nice occupation to whirl from place to place, seeing new sights. Besides, another thought suggested itself to his mind. He might have the chance of getting one more interview with Josephine. Of course, it would be only courteous and proper to wish her good-bye; and, when she knew he was going, who knows but she might relent? Yes; and actually, at the eleventh hour, consent to be Mrs. Heatherly!

Full of this new hope, he rose one morning in capital spirits. Though his arrangements were not completed by any means, he thought he would present himself without delay at Prospect Cottages. On the success of this final interview, the whole expedition would hinge.

He made his toilette with elaborate care. As he did so, it occurred to him to wonder at Josephine's persistent refusal of him. He was really a very good-looking fellow, he thought, complacently.

A couple of hours after his early breakfast, he found himself at Josephine's door. Then he began to get nervous. What if he were not admitted? But that was a false alarm. He was admitted, and at once.

The little servant, who waited on the lodgers, opened the door of Josephine's room; and, behold! there was Josephine herself.

She was sitting at work as usual at the table by the window. When she saw Mr. Heatherly, she rose.

"Don't let me disturb you, pray, Miss Graham," he began to say. "I have no wish at all to intrude. I only want a few words with you."

Josephine, having done what was strictly necessary, sat down again and took up her work.

Yes, she was as different from the Newbury girls as could be!

"If she would only marry me," thought he to himself, "what a happy man I should be!"

While he thought it, Josephine was picking up beads on the end of her needle, for the further adornment of a pair of watch-pockets.

He would have liked to sit and look at her, for a time, and do nothing else. "Bathe his spirit," as he told his book, "in the pure delight of her presence!" But this placid enjoyment would not altogether do. He had an inward presumption that Josephine would soon get tired of it. No, he must say what he came to say, and the sooner the better.

"I came to tell you, Miss Graham," he began, "that I am getting tired of Newbury."

"I am sorry for that," replied Josephine, picking up her beads.

"Sorry—you sorry!" exclaimed he, ecstatically.

"Oh, Miss——"

"Sorry on this account," interrupted Josephine, determined not to be misunderstood: "there is so much for a man of your wealth and influence to do, in a town like Newbury."

"Do! I have nothing on earth to do," said Francis Heatherly, in a tone of despair. "What is there for me to do?"

"A great deal, if you were disposed to avail yourself of the opportunity," she replied, steadily picking up her beads. "There are the schools——"

"I hate schools!" replied he, abruptly.

"And the poor," suggested Josephine.

"Don't mention them, Miss Graham. I never hear the word *poor*, without being reminded of a squalling baby, a tub of soapsuds, and a string of wet clothes across the room."

Josephine looked very grave.

"Except, indeed, you wished——" began Francis Heatherly, betrayed into tenderness.

"It is for your own sake," she interrupted, coldly; "and because wealth brings responsibility. I can have no further wish in the matter."

Francis Heatherly sighed.

"I think of going abroad," he began, a few minutes after; "it seems to me as if I were not wanted here."

Josephine did just what he most wished. She raised her eyes and looked at him. What beautiful eyes they were, to be sure! In all Newbury there were none like them.

He began to think a little sentiment would answer better than anything.

"I am a lonely man, Miss Graham. I have no friends or associates. My home is solitary. No one cares for me; whether I go or stay."

"You are a comparative stranger," she replied—touched, he vainly fancied, by his complaint; "but friends are easily made in a kindly, hospitable town like this."

"Then you would have me stay—you wish it?" he exclaimed, hastily and prematurely.

"I wish! I can have no wish in the matter," replied Josephine, going back to her beads.

"Ah!"—and he put on his most lack-a-daisical air.—"you are very cruel, Miss Graham. But I shall not trouble you long; I am going away."

"What! at once?"

"Yes. I dare say I shall be gone to-morrow."

She said nothing: not a word.

"Miss Graham," he began again, "as I am going away—out of the country, in fact—and may never have the chance of saying it any more, I want to ask you—don't look angry"—for an expression of annoyance came to her face, "if you are quite sure that you will not relent?"

Josephine shook her head.

"Because, if you will—and it is the last time—if

you will, I shall just be the happiest man in the world; and I need not go abroad," continued he, hurrying on, to prevent her from speaking, "but we will settle down like a pair of turtle-doves, and not care for anybody!"

Josephine could scarcely keep from laughing; but she shook her head notwithstanding; and shook it with an air of such resolution, that Francis Heatherly was fairly crushed, as regarded all hope of her ever relenting. It was no use his sitting there languishing and sighing; Josephine would not have anything to say to him!

CHAPTER L.

LADY SYLVESTER MAKES A MISTAKE.

"AND now, my deary," said Dame Humphreys, wiping the tears from her wrinkled face, "now you will go in and have some tea."

"Oh, yes; I will go in, and God be praised!" again repeated Rachel, fervently.

In the sense of joy for a great deliverance, minor trials are forgotten. Rachel, for the moment, could think of nothing but the fact, that her most distressing fear was relieved. Very soon, however, the gaunt shadows, that must be met, began to gather round her.

Her husband's absence still remained a grievous and bitter trial. All kind of painful mystery gathered round it. He might, and, indeed, no doubt did, flee in a moment of panic, and thinking that Isaacs was dead. Her heart was sore troubled as she pictured to herself the horror that would seize upon him. Where had he fled to? What was become of him? How was it possible to deceive him? These questions were brought vividly before her, and how could she answer them?

Dame Humphreys tried to persuade her that John would come back. "He'll never leave house and home on a venture," she said; "depend on it we shall have him back by night."

But Rachel had not the same hope of it that the old lady had. She thought John might have left the country.

If he did not return for the sale, Dame Humphreys said, she should fear so too; but she would keep up her spirits till after the sale.

The sale was fixed to take place on the next Thursday, and it was agreed that Dame Humphreys should take up her abode at the farm till then. It would not be right to leave the place while the furniture remained in it. But when the sale was over the house would have passed into other hands. Rachel would then have been homeless, were it not for the good offices of her mother-in-law.

"Of course you will come to me," Dame Humphreys had said.

A new tie seemed to unite these women, sorrowing for a son and a husband. For John did not come. In vain anxious hearts yearned after him day by day; in vain wistful eyes were ever looking out for him; in vain affectionate preparations were

now and then made for him; in vain the hope woke with morning light, and waxed faint and weary with the evening shadow; in vain prayers were offered, and tears wept. The blank sense of absence was not removed. He did not come!

"I shall about give him up now," said the old lady, her head drooping on her breast.

It was the last night of Rachel's stay in her home. To-morrow was the sale.

The old lady had bore up bravely till now—in fact, she seemed almost the strongest of the two; but John's continual absence, and the heart-sickness of hope deferred, began to tell upon her.

"I am an old woman," she said, pathetically, "and trouble has come at the wrong end of my life."

As she sat by the fire, her head drooping, and her poor wrinkled face ploughed into deeper furrows, Rachel began to perceive, with dismay, how sorely the last few days had changed her. In fact, if this grief and anxiety went on, there was no knowing what the end would be.

Every possible inquiry and search had been made. It was not Rachel's custom to sit with folded hands. All had been done that could be, but without a particle of success. It was hinted by some consoling friends that John had made away with himself; but Rachel would not give ear to the suggestion a moment; no more would Dame Humphreys. Dame Humphreys spoke very well on this point.

"John knows what's right," she said to Rachel, "and depend on it, the proper feeling will come back in his trouble. He'll seek his God, not go farther from him."

In the meantime the sale came, and the house went, and still there was no trace of John. And now began that actual daily struggle with affliction that tests the strength and endurance of the soul. Rachel's whole life was one deep and silent grief. But for a time she contended against it. She did not lose, even now, her activity or her industry. She would not, on any account, be dependent on Dame Humphreys, and her husband's affairs had gone, as people said, to rack and ruin. She took up a business which she had some knowledge of, and tried to turn it to account. She worked with her needle at plain sewing and dressmaking, and whatever she could find to do. But it soon appeared that a more important work demanded her attention.

Dame Humphreys began suddenly to break up. There is no doubt her trouble about her son told fearfully upon her. From being brisk and active, she would sit brooding for hours. She would rarely go out. She would be always thinking of her son. She had a little likeness of him, and one day she brought it out, and hung it up over the chimney-piece. A few old tattered letters that he had written when a boy, and that had been put by in a drawer, were always being brought out and read. She would have the daily paper looked over carefully from end to end, in the vain hope that there might be some intelligence of John. Her nerves were always wrought up to a painful pitch. She would start at the least sound.

Her poor wistful eyes had always a question in them about John. Whatever attempts were made to amuse her, her heart never quitted its sorrow.

Tears, as she once said to Rachel, had become her meat night and day. Yet it was evident she had given up all hope. At first, such expressions as these were constantly being used: As soon as John comes back; such and such an arrangement will do till John comes back. But after a time, you never heard such a thing hinted at, as John coming back.

It was clear to Rachel that he had left the country. She never said so; but she knew that Dame Humphreys thought it too: for Dame Humphreys' health and spirits seemed to die out with her hope. She grew decrepit and broken down. Her friends and neighbours scarcely could believe she was the same.

"Ah, poor thing!" they said to Rachel, "she'll not be long for this world."

Rachel had, very soon, to give up all her employments, and attend only to nursing Dame Humphreys. She herself was worn almost to a shadow. You would wonder her strength held out so well.

"Two people destroyed because of us!" said Alice Sylvester, in hot indignation, to her mother.

"Nonsense, Alice! as if we were answerable for John Humphreys' wicked conduct," replied Lady Sylvester.

And then, she said, in a tone as if the vastness of the condescension would heal every woe, she said she should pay a visit to Dame Humphreys.

It was not often that her ladyship entered the house of mourning. Dame Humphreys was sitting by the fire, though the day was warm. Her head drooped on her breast. She would sit thus for hours, without raising it, or uttering a word. Poor patient Rachel sat beside her, her work in her hand, and the large-printed Bible open before her. The room was very silent; when, suddenly, came the clatter of the Sylvester horses down the street. The noise disturbed the old lady. A moment after, the horses stopped, and she looked up at Rachel in alarm. Her thoughts were ever recurring to John. Rachel saw that, in her face.

The door of the house stood open, and Rachel could see the footman alight, and hand out her ladyship. Then Lady Sylvester, in her trailing robe, walked majestically into the room.

There was no need to wait for an invitation when she, on a rare and magnanimous occasion, deigned to visit Dame Humphreys.

The old woman looked up at her with a keen, sharp expression. "Be you come to tell me anything about John?" asked she.

About John? The question rather staggered her ladyship. She thought her mere presence would sweep away every other idea.

"Because, if you are not," said the old woman, with great asperity, and setting the Sylvester dignity at open defiance, "you had better go away again!"

For once, Lady Sylvester was struck dumb with surprise; and a kind of shame too, if she had chosen to confess it.

"You had better go away," continued Dame Humphreys, getting more and more excited; "you have ruined my boy with your dishonest ways, and brought down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. What do we want with the Sylvesters here?"

Lady Sylvester did not answer a word. She turned round and stepped back to her carriage.

"It was a *mistake*," said she to herself; "these kind of people are not capable of appreciating us!"

The great, important *us*, standing out large as life!

CHAPTER LI.

"FAMILY INFLUENCE."

DECISION has in it half the ingredients of success. A purpose formed, is a purpose half carried into effect. This remark holds good in the case of Raymond Sylvester. His character had in it some elements of greatness. He had resolution, energy, tenacity of endurance, and self-control. He had no luxurious habits to overcome, or battles to fight with self-indulgence. He had been abstemious; active, and self-denying at all times. The purple was worn, not as soft clothing, but as a badge of his position.

Once free from the hold of prejudice, Raymond came out a new man; and there was no dallying with his lately-formed resolve. He set himself, at once, to consider what was to be done.

His total want of experience met him at the onset. No hermit of the desert knew less of the ways and means of the work-a-day world than he did. The world, in fact, which lay outside his narrow sphere, was like a piece of complicated machinery that stunned him with its noise and velocity; a machinery, nevertheless, with which he must have to do.

His ideas, at this juncture, were still of an exalted nature. He began to think of government appointments, and rich, warm berths, to which he fancied his position and birth entitled him; and, as a natural consequence, he ran over the list of his friends. It was a small list, when all was said and done. Straited means and crumbling fortunes had forced the Sylvesters into a kind of seclusion. Ever on the brink of ruin, they dared not launch out with the pretentiousness of earlier years; and so it chanced that, one by one, their family connections had dropped off. Raymond could think of but one relative likely to do him service, and this relative was his mother's cousin, the Earl Lyntonwithe.

His lordship would never have attained to the title if—as the old Lord Lyntonwithe observed, with great bitterness—if Margaret had been a son.

But Margaret had not been a son, and through this mischance the title lapsed.

The Margaret in question, or, to speak more correctly, Lady Margaret Lyntonwithe—the most imperious beauty that ever lived—became, in course of time, Lady Margaret Sylvester, popularly called my Lady Sylvester; and Pride, as the public opinion said, was matched with Pride.

To Lord Lyntonwithe, then, Raymond resolved to apply. He knew the peer was a man of large and brilliant connections; and though no special intercourse had been kept up, still his help would surely not be denied to a son of so illustrious a house. Raymond was still somewhat entangled in the myths and fables of the past.

At any rate, he would lose no time. It appeared very important to get into something suitable, he told Alice, at once: for he had taken Alice into his confidence.

"Oh, yes, Raymond; and I am so thankful that it has come into your mind," said she; "but, pray, don't be too grand."

"No, Alice; but you would not have me go into a trade;" and there was a touch of the old spirit in his voice.

"There are honest and better people than we are to be found in trade," she said, with bitterness.

"But, Alice, I cannot lose my status. Think of my education. A young man does not go to Eton to end his career by selling tea and sugar."

"If we had sold tea and sugar," she replied, the same touch of bitterness in her tone, "we should have been more worthy of respect than we are now, and not have so many debts!"

"Don't be cross, Alice."

He said it in his old familiar tone. She looked up at him and smiled.

"Dear Raymond, I have not patience to think of it!"

"It will soon come to an end, Alice. I shall get a famous berth somewhere, and then you shall come and live with me—you and my mother. Don't look so incredulous; I am really going to work."

"And not be too grand?"

"Oh, no!"

"That's right, dear," and she went to him, and kissed him.

"Alice," and he gently detained her, the colour coming and going in his cheek, "Alice, there is one thing I want to say to you before I go."

"What is it Raymond?"

He looked down and said, in a low voice, and without raising his eyes, "I should like Josephine to know what I am going to do."

She was silent. A stern look came into her eyes. When she spoke, her voice sounded hard and cold.

"I have been ashamed to face Josephine!"

He said nothing more. He stood a few minutes looking down. Then he roused himself. But he said no more of Josephine, nor did she.

It was resolved—for the conversation went back to its old topic—it was resolved that Raymond should go up to town the next day, and try to obtain some employment.

Alice did not appear very sanguine about the advantages to be derived from Lord Lyntonwithe's patronage.

"I would be as independent as possible," she said. "God helps those who help themselves."

(To be continued.)

WISE IN HER OWN EYES.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.



AGNES CLAYTON and her little brother Bobbie had each a flower-bed of their own in the pleasure-ground, that lay just before the drawing-room windows at Clayton Hall. The children were very proud of their little gardens, and vied with each other in their efforts to keep them neat, and full of sweet, bright flowers.

Bobbie was but seven years old, and Joe, the garden boy, sometimes helped him to dig up the ground when it was hard and dry from want of rain; he showed him, too, the best places in which to sow the little packets of seed given him from time to time by his mother. But Agnes, who was full ten years of age, rather despised any advice or assistance, and felt quite sure that she knew as well as Joe or any one else how to sow mignonette, or train up sweet-pea.

Every Sunday morning Bobbie and Agnes each gathered the very best flower from their little gardens, and laid them on the breakfast-table as a gift for their father and mother. Sometimes a bit of sweet-smelling wallflower, or a little cluster of lily-of-the-valley, might be found lying at each end of the table on the white damask cloth; sometimes only a little spray of sweet-briar, or a few heads of lavender; but whatever they had best at the time was always treasured up for the Sunday morning gift.

In the centre of each of these flower-beds stood a small red rose-tree, and as it was now the month of June, there were several tempting little buds peeping out here and there through the leaves.

"I know the flower I'll have for mamma next Sunday," cried Agnes, gaily, one fine Wednesday morning, suddenly throwing down her rake and skipping about on the grass: "it will be the best of all we have had yet."

"What is it? Show it to me," answered her brother, raising up a very dirty face from his work. Bobbie always contrived to smudge his face over with clay in his efforts to keep his little plot of ground free from weeds.

"Come here," said Agnes; "just look in there at that beauty!" and drawing aside a branch of the rose-tree, she disclosed a little bud much further advanced than its companions, with streaks of red already bursting through the green covering of the bud. "Now," added the little girl, triumphantly, "now have you anything as lovely as that in your bed? In spite of all Joe does for you, I don't think you'll beat that."

"I don't know," replied Bobbie, soberly; "but I'll try."

Soon an exclamation of delight from Bobbie told Agnes plainly enough that another treasure had been discovered, and she ran hastily across the grass to her brother's garden.

"Look," cried Bobbie, with sparkling eyes, raising in his turn a branch of his rose-tree, "look, Aggie! another just like yours bursting through the green. Won't it be jolly? I do believe they'll be the first red roses in the garden."

Joe came along the gravel-path trundling his wheelbarrow, and was immediately invited to a view of the rose-trees.

"Why, Master Robert, you are a great pair of gardeners, you and Miss Agnes," said he, smiling and touching his cap. "Those buds will be the first in blow in all the garden."

"There, I told you so," exclaimed Bobbie, in triumph, "and they'll come out both together."

"Of course I knew they'd be the first," replied Agnes, throwing a little grandeur into her voice that Joe might have a proper opinion of her cleverness. "Roses are scarce at this time of year; but, Joe, we intend to make a present of these to papa and mamma on Sunday morning, when they are full blown."

Hereupon a puzzled expression passed over Joe's face, and he scratched his head to relieve his mind.

"I'm thinking," he said, presently, "that those buds will never be full blown by next Sabbath morning."

"Nonsense, Joe, of course they will. Don't you see the red colour coming already?" answered Agnes, quickly. She could not bear that her plan should be so suddenly set aside, and her knowledge of gardening called in question.

But Joe could not be got to change his mind. "They'll not be in full blow before next week," he repeated, decidedly, nodding his head as he spoke; "but if so be you choose to cut them, they'll be a pretty pair of buds enough by next Sunday morning."

But this did not satisfy Agnes. "Joe," she persisted, "could we not help them to open faster; might we not pick them open some way with our fingers?"

"Lay never a finger on them, Miss Agnes, or they'll never blow on Sunday or any other day," responded Joe.

"Well, we might try with a penknife ever so gently," suggested Agnes.

"No, nor a penknife neither. Don't meddle with them at all. Take my advice," said Joe, returning to his wheelbarrow.

Every day after this the children visited their gardens, and watched anxiously the buds that would not open quickly. When Saturday came, Agnes was in despair to find the flowers still half closed.

"I don't see why we might not help them a little," she said, nervously, to her brother, grasping the branch as she spoke. "I am sure it could do no harm to draw down those green bandages with our fingers, and let the flowers come out."

"Oh, Aggy, stop. Don't you remember that Joe said it would kill them," cried Bobbie, eagerly stretching out his hand to save the flower.

Agnes let go the branch. "It is always 'Joe said this,' and 'Joe said that' with you," she retorted, in anger; "you never think for yourself. But perhaps I may have a full-blown rose in my garden to-morrow, perhaps I may, Bobbie, in spite of Joe's grand advice.

The sound of the wheelbarrow approaching rapidly over the gravel-walk caused the colour, for some reason or other, to mount high in Agnes's cheeks, and, without another word, she turned away, and, running up the grass slope, entered the drawing-room through the door of the conservatory.

But though she ran away from Joe and the flower-bed, she did not forget either of them. Every hour she thought with vexation of how her troublesome bud would not bloom out at once into a full-blown rose, if it were only just to convince Joe and Bobbie that she could be right as well as they. Yes, Joe, and even little Bobbie, had given her advice about it. Advice to her!—she who had always prided herself upon managing her garden so well, and needing no help from any one! So ran her thoughts.

That evening, at about six o'clock, when Bobbie was busy over his mug of hot bread and milk in the nursery, Agnes, hastily finishing her supper, made her way unperceived to the garden. With trembling haste she leaned over her flower-bed and grasped a branch of her rose-tree. One quick glance over her shoulder to see that no one was looking, and she began her work. Drawing away the green covering of the bud, she unfolded the delicate rose-leaves within. "Beautiful!" she exclaimed, in delight, as she carefully spread out one or two crimson leaves. "Won't Bobbie be surprised? 'Ah! but I wish they were not so sticky and crumpled! It's very hard to divide them. Oh, what's that?" she cried, suddenly, in her alarm letting go the branch, which swung back into its place, leaving two of the sticky, crumpled rose-leaves in her fingers. It was only a thrush in the garden-hedge; but Agnes feared every interruption now, because she knew she was doing foolishly. Nevertheless, she grasped the branch again, and completed her task. All the delicate young leaves were obliged to unroll themselves beneath her fingers, until, fearing discovery should she remain any longer, she hastened back to the house, scarce giving herself time to bestow a glance on the effect of her work.

"What a lovely rose-bud!" said Mr. Clayton, when he entered the breakfast-room on Sunday morning, and found Bobbie's offering, still wet with the early dew, lying beside his plate. "Why, Bobbie, you are quite a clever gardener!"

Bobbie's face glowed with pleasure.

"And am I to have nothing?" inquired his mother, smiling. "Where is Agnes? Has she quite forgotten me?"

"Oh, no," answered Bobbie, brightly, "Aggie has another beauty for you, mamma, just like mine. I saw her going to fetch it from the garden. She will be here in a minute."

But the minute passed over, and Agnes did not come.

Bobbie ran into the hall, and out through the glass-door, to look for his sister. He soon found her. Poor Agnes was sitting on the door-step, her face buried in her hands, and at her feet her rose-bud. Poor thing! It was no longer a blooming beauty; nothing but a wretched, dying, ill-used blossom. The leaves that were last night so rich in colouring were all blotched and torn, and their delicate green covering, turned backwards, lay drooping down the stalk.

As the glass door opened, Mrs. Clayton heard the sobs, and hastened after Bobbie to find out what was the cause of so much grief. There was no need for a long explanation. The faded flower almost told the story.

"Never mind about the rose-bud, Aggie, dear," said her mother, kindly, when she knew what had happened. "Come, and I will choose another sweet flower out of your garden for myself. But I hope my foolish little girl will not be too proud another time to take the advice of those who are older and wiser than she is. People that are wise in their own eyes generally find that they have been only very foolish after all."

Agnes only grasped her mother's hand in reply, but she did not soon forget the lesson taught her by Joe and her withered rose-bud.

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 736.

"Increase our faith."—Luke xvii. 5.

1. I rijah	Jer. xxxvii. 12.
2. N aaman	2 Kings v. 18.
3. C helub's	1 Chron. xxvii. 24.
4. R echabites	Jer. x. 6, 7.
5. E zion-geber	1 Kings ix. 26.
6. A doni-zedec	Josh. x. 3.
7. S hobach	2 Sam. x. 18.
8. E liakim	2 Kings xviii. 37.
9. O n	Gen. xli. 45.
10. U rijah	Jer. xvi. 21.
11. R abbah	2 Sam. xii. 30.
12. F elix	Acts xxiii. 23.
13. A masai	1 Chron. xii. 18.
14. I shbi-benob	2 Sam. xxi. 16.
15. T ob	Judg. xi. 3.
16. H anani	2 Chron. xvi. 10.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 768.

"Oreb."—Judg. vii. 25.

1. O see	Rom. ix. 25.
2. R ehob	2 Sam. viii. 3.
3. E ben-ezer	1 Sam. vii. 12.
4. B arzillai	2 Sam. xix. 32.